

Good Morning

205

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch



Here's One Stitch in Time— P.O. WILLIAM PEARSON

AND it's Florence, his wife, stitching it, at 7 Arnott Street, Sunderland. She is hard at work sewing a gusset in one of your shirts.

Apparently you are getting by the smiles with it, this is a too broad for them, therefore she is making them a bit bigger. Of course, you will recognise who that is peeping at her work from the back. Yes, it's your mother.

They are really looking forward to seeing you again very soon, and they send a message, that Dad is still singing "Johnny Zero," and, judging by the smiles with it, this is a joke which only you will understand. By the way, William, congratulations on being awarded the Distinguished Service Medal!

GATHERING SOUVENIRS?

THERE are probably 2,126,520,000 souvenir-hunters in the world to-day, that figure being the approximate population of the earth.

They say that ash trays are always vanishing from General Eisenhower's office. But that's nothing. A British firm of brewers and pub-owners claim that 80,000 ash trays disappeared from their premises alone last year.

Souvenir-hunting is one of man's most inveterate habits. It is responsible for traveller's backache, soldier's heel, and widespread prosperity for Stratford-on-Avon, Palermo, Pompeii, Panama and Port Said.

The relic-crazy must have had a joy day when Noah made his happy landing, for a piece of the original Ark is still on show in Smyrna!

The ancient Egyptians buried souvenirs with their mummies. As a result, Egypt has been a happy hunting ground for souvenir-seekers ever since.

I knew a man who made £15 a week carving "real antique" figures of Amen-Ra out of soap-stone. His only rival was a firm which, in the boom years, made £10,000 a year in manufacturing scarabs.

The head of the firm used to spend his spare cash buying all the real scarabs off the market. He said there weren't many left.

There was a lady who considered a button a day ample

insurance against dull care. She collected buttons wherever she went. She had buttons from Istanbul and buttons from Greece.

Amid her collection of thousands of buttons I discovered a cigar stub.

"Oh," she said, "that was thrown away by a girl in Stockholm, where they smoke cigars, you know. She was wearing the most lovely buttons, and that was the nearest I could get!"

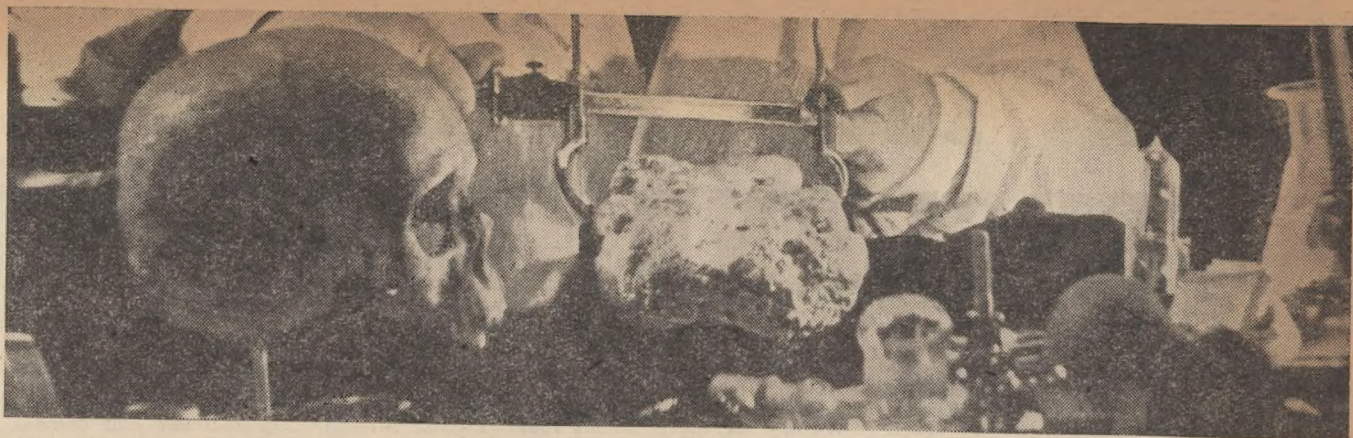
A daring souvenir-hunter was the man who grappled with a mine as it drifted ashore on the East Coast. Coastguards rescued him just before the explosion.

"I was looking for a keepsake," he explained, "but this will do—." And he carefully collected some of the fragments of broken glass.

It's no secret now that many crashed German planes have been snipped to scraps by eager collectors. In the 1914 war, zinc canteen checks from the German raider Emden were sold all the way from Algiers to Suez.

QUEER RELICS.

As for the boys who came home, they brought everything with them, from sea-shells from the Jordan to tin hats, Iron Crosses, and shrapnel from Big Bertha. For years afterwards hand grenades were decorating homely mantelpieces.



MADE GOOD GOLD— AND POISONED HIMSELF

Says Marcus
Melinger

EVER since alchemy was an accepted craft the aim of the alchemists has been to make gold from base metals.

Many of the published results have been frauds, but the experiment was carried through to triumph by a scientist whose name is now rarely mentioned in scientific circles, and who committed suicide because of the jibes that were thrown at him.

Dr. James Price was the name by which he was known. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society and an honorary M.D. of Oxford. At the age of thirty he was recognised as one of the most brilliant chemists in England.

James Higginbottom was his real name. He was born in London in 1752, and took the name of his maternal uncle, James Price, who left him a fortune on condition that he adopted the name of Price.

With his fortune the young man purchased an estate at Stoke, near Guildford, where he fitted up a laboratory and applied himself to chemical research.

He held that "all metallic seed is the seed of gold; for gold is the intention of Nature with regard to all metals. If the base metals are not gold, it is only through some accidental hindrance; they are all potentially gold."

And on that theory he began his search for the substance that could do the trick of turning base metals into gold.

In the spring of 1782 he announced that he had discovered two ingredients, one that could transform mercury into silver, and one that could turn mercury or silver into gold.

POTENT POWDERS.

These agents were two powders, one white, the other red. They contained arsenic, and their preparation was "a process tedious and injurious to health."

He was asked to prove his claim. The first experiment was made at his laboratory in May, 1782, before scientific witnesses including Lord King, Lord Onslow, Lord Palmerston, and other members of the Royal Society.

The witnesses themselves brought the necessary substances—apart from the powders, the secret of which Price kept to himself. These ingredients were half an ounce of mercury, a small hessian crucible, a small piece of charcoal taken from a scuttle, and a piece of nitre.

These were pounded together by the witnesses in a mortar, previously inspected to make sure that it did not have a false bottom. The substances were dropped in, and after the pounding, one of the members of the Royal Society present poured a little mercury into the mortar.

Price handed some of his powder to another member, who carefully weighed out half a grain, and this was added before all eyes. The crucible was then placed on a fire of great heat.

Price repeatedly called the attention of the company to observe the stages of the experiment. They all agreed that there could be no deception of any kind.

At the end of a quarter of an hour, when the crucible was red hot, Price asked everyone to observe that the mercury, although in the red-hot crucible, did not show any signs of evaporation, or even melting. The heat was then raised.

When the crucible reached white heat a witness was asked to take a dip with a clean iron rod. This was done, and when cold the scoriae so taken was knocked off and found to be replete with small globules of a whitish metal.

This was tested and found to be silver of the purest kind.

A small quantity of borax was then injected, and the heat of the fire raised again. Mercury vaporises at about 662 degrees F., so that there was no possibility of any error taking place. The heat of the fire was far above this degree.

At this point Price asked his witnesses to watch closely, for he declared that his reputation was too precious to be challenged later. Every member of the company inspected each move and change in the crucible.

The crucible was kept in a strong red-white heat for another quarter of an hour, when it was carefully lifted and then gradually cooled.

GOLD THAT GLITTERED.

When the cooling process was ended the crucible was broken. At the bottom a number of grains of glittering yellow metal were found. These were collected and tested, and found to be pure gold. They tipped the scale at ten grains.

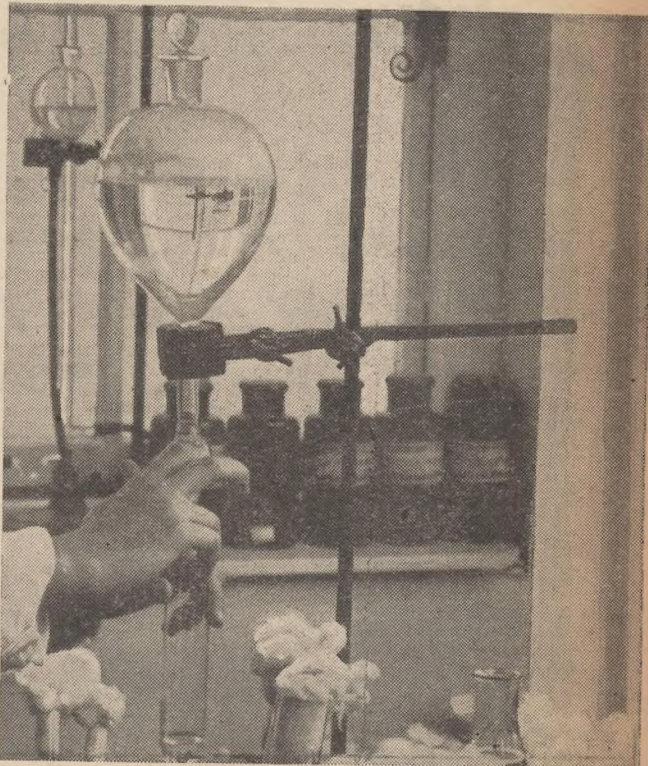
The gold was then placed in a phial, impressed with the seal of a member of the company, and later submitted to examination. In the presence of the same company the seal was broken the next morning. The gold was declared to be "as good as the grain gold of the refiners."

It was taken to three different experts in London. All three, after testing thoroughly, declared that it was pure gold.

Portions of the gold and of the silver were shown to the King, and Price came up from Guildford to London to receive congratulations. It was expected that he would be given a title.

But, although his experiments had been conducted openly and under the supervision of fifteen well-known scientists, there were others who wanted Price to give away his secret.

This he declined to do, saying that it had cost him immense labour and his health had suf-



fered, and that he alone deserved the credit of the chemical triumph.

The Royal Society acclaimed him as the "best chemist in the Kingdom," yet because he would not divulge his secret, whispers arose that he had deceived the witnesses or had deceived himself in some way.

Price's greatest enemy proved to be Sir Joseph Banks, then President of the Royal Society.

It was alleged that Banks was jealous of this young man's fame and wanted himself to get the secret powders, and because Price would not tell his secret Banks started a campaign against him, saying that the whole story of transmutation was "a pack of lies."

Banks also declared that "Price shall repeat his experiments before me and a committee of my nomination, or take the consequences."

The consequences were to have his name taken off the roll of the Royal Society.

Banks was, of course, a naturalist by profession—he held this post under Captain Cook on the "Endeavour" when Australia was discovered—and was rather autocratic in his manner.

Price, having raised the ire of Banks, knew that he must surrender completely or face disaster. There was a danger also that the public, egged on by Banks's denunciation, might at-

tack his house and wreck his laboratory.

He at last agreed to invite a further investigation and make an experiment before other witnesses.

FATAL RIDICULE.

In January, 1783, he returned to Guildford and remained closeted in his house for a few months. His labours affected his health. Meanwhile, the attitude of Banks grew more antagonistic and damaging.

At length, in July, 1783, though worn out and repressed by the ridicule of his enemies, he invited members of the Royal Society to attend further experiments which he proposed to make on August 3rd.

On the day appointed only three members arrived.

Price received them, but showed that he was much affected by their scepticism. However, he took the three into his laboratory and asked them to make an examination of his apparatus.

While they were doing this he took a dose of prussic acid and immediately fell dead.

An inquest was held and the verdict passed that "his studies had hurt his mind and overset him."

He kept his secret, and the sole relic of this "best chemist in the Kingdom" is his grave in Stoke churchyard, with the inscription: "Near this place there are deposited the remains of James Price, M.D., F.R.S."

HOW THE BRIGADIER TRIUMPHED IN ENGLAND

By CONAN DOYLE

I HAVE told you, my friends, how I triumphed over the English at the fox-hunt, when I pursued the animal so fiercely that even the herd of trained dogs was unable to keep up, and alone with my own hand I put him to the sword. Perhaps I have said too much of the matter, but there is a thrill in the triumphs of sport which even warfare cannot give, for in warfare you share your successes with your regiment and your army, but in sport it is you yourself unaided who have won the laurels.

It is an advantage which

QUIZ for today

1. A koala is a soft drink, an animal, insect, Rabbi's cloak, S. American fruit, Indian fakir?
2. Who wrote (a) The Stolen White Elephant, (b) The Stolen Bacillus?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why: Piano, Guitar, Mandoline, Flageolet, Zither, Banjo?
4. What is the standard width of a railway track in England?
5. Who said, "Something attempted, something done"?
6. What is Knurr and Spell?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Eroneous, Heretical, Authenticative, Phillactery, Veracious, Gnomie?
8. What is the A.T.S. equivalent of an Army Captain?
9. To what age does a Polar Bear live?
10. The county town of Devon is Totnes, Truro, Exeter, Bideford, Barnstaple?
11. The Indian Mutiny occurred in 1857, 1867, 1877, 1887?
12. Complete the phrases, (a) Births, —, and —, (b) Lost, —, or —.

Answer to Quiz in No. 204

1. Form of arch.
2. (a) Charles Reade, (b) Charles Dickens
3. Rodeo is a cattle round-up; the others are dances.
4. 45.
5. T. H. Bayly.
6. Judge Logan, of California.
7. Pusillanimous, Asphyxia.
8. Chief Volunteer.
9. Coloured child in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."
10. Appleby.
11. 1854.
12. Three (Bristol A., Warwick A., Wiltshire A.).

JANE



the English have over us that in all classes they take great interest in every form of sport. It may be that they are richer than we, or it may be that they are more idle; but I was surprised when I was a prisoner in that country to observe how widespread was this feeling, and how much it filled the minds and the lives of the people.

A horse that will run, a cock that will fight, a dog that will kill rats, a man that will box—they would turn away from the Emperor in all his glory in order to look upon any of these.

I could tell you many stories of English sport, for I saw much of it during the time that I was the guest of Lord Ruf-ton, after the order for my exchange had come to England. There were months before I could be sent back to France, and during that time I stayed with this good Lord Ruf-ton at his beautiful house at High Combe, which is at the northern end of Dartmoor.

He had ridden with the police when they had pursued me from Princetown, and he had felt towards me when I was overtaken as I would myself have felt had I, in my own country, seen a brave and debonair soldier without a friend to help him.

In a word, he took me to his house, clad me, fed me, and treated me as if he had been my brother. I will say this of the English, that they were always generous enemies, and very good people with whom to fight.

In the Peninsula the Spanish outposts would present their muskets at ours, but the British their brandy flasks. And of all these generous men there was none who was the equal of this admirable milord, who held out so warm a hand to an enemy in distress.

Ah! what thoughts of sport it brings back to me, the very name of High Combe! I can see it now, the long, low, brick house, warm and ruddy, with white plaster pillars before the door. He was a great sportsman this Lord Ruf-ton, and all who were about him were of the same sort. But you will be pleased to hear that there were few things in which I could not hold my own, and in some I excelled.

Behind the house was a wood in which pheasants were reared, and it was Lord Ruf-ton's joy to kill these birds, which was done by sending in men to drive them out while he and his friends stood outside and shot them as they passed.

For my part I was more crafty, for I studied the habits of the birds, and, stealing out in the evening, I was able to kill a number of them as they roosted in the trees. Hardly a single shot

was wasted, but the keeper was attracted by the sound of the firing, and he implored me in his rough English fashion to spare those that were left.

That night I was able to place twelve birds as a surprise upon Lord Ruf-ton's supper table, and he laughed until he cried, so overjoyed was he to see them.

"Gad, Gerard, you'll be the death of me yet!" he cried. Often he said the same thing, for at every turn I amazed him by the way in which I entered into the sports of the English.

There is a game called cricket which they play in the summer, and this also I learned. Rudd, the head gardener, was a famous player of cricket, and so was Lord Ruf-ton himself. Before the house was a lawn, and here it was that Rudd taught me the game.

It is a brave pastime, a game for soldiers, for each tries to strike the other with the ball, and it is but a small stick with which you may ward it off. Three sticks behind show the spot beyond which you may not retreat. I can tell you that it is no game for children, and I will confess that, in spite of my nine campaigns, I felt myself turn pale when first the ball flashed past me.

So swift was it that I had not time to raise my stick to ward it off, but by good fortune it missed me and knocked down the wooden pins which marked the boundary.

It was for Rudd then to defend himself and for me to attack. When I was a boy in Gascony I learned to throw both far and straight, so that I made sure that I could hit this gallant Englishman.

With a shout I rushed forward and hurled the ball at him. It flew as swift as a bullet towards his ribs, but without a word he swung his staff and the ball rose a surprising distance in the air. Lord Ruf-ton clapped his hands and cheered.

Again the ball was brought to me, and again it was for me to throw. This time it flew past his head, and it seemed to me that it was his turn to look pale. But he was a brave man,

NUMERICAL PUZZLE

STATION Road had 28 houses in it. They were numbered consecutively, but with more up one side than the other. An observant postman spotted that the numbers of the middle house on either side totalled the number of houses in the road.

How did the numbering go? (Answer on Page 3)

this gardener, and again he faced me.

Ah, my friends, the hour of my triumph had come! It was a red waistcoat that he wore, and at this I hurled the ball. You would have said that I was a gunner, not a hussar, for never was so straight an aim.

With a despairing cry—the cry of the brave man who is beaten—he fell upon the wooden pegs behind him, and they all rolled upon the ground together.

He was cruel, this English milord, and he laughed so that he could not come to the aid of his servant.

It was for me, the victor, to rush forwards to embrace this intrepid player, and to raise him to his feet with words of praise, and encouragement, and hope.

He was in pain and could not stand erect, yet the honest fellow confessed that there was no accident in my victory. "He did it a-purpose! He did it a-purpose!" Again and again he said it.

Yes, it is a great game this cricket, and I would gladly

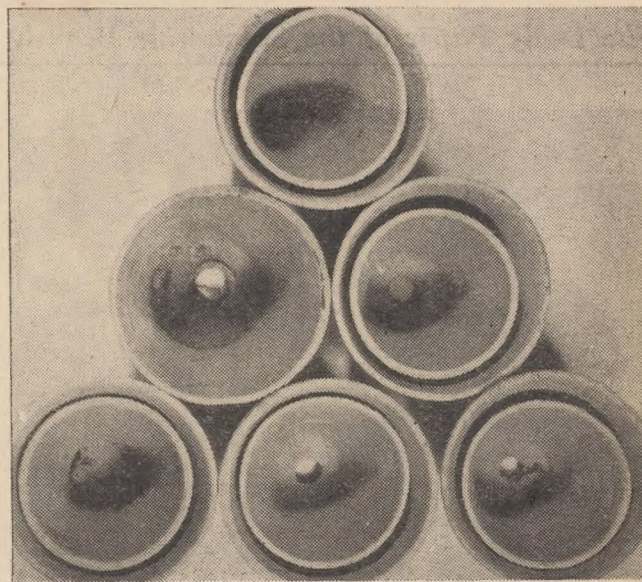
WANGLING WORDS—160

- 1.—Place the same two letters, in the same order, both before and after RATEGI, to make a word.
- 2.—Rearrange the letters of BUST IN ON TIGER, to make a Kentish town.
- 3.—Amending one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: BRIDE into GROOM, SAFE into SURE, BLACK into GREEN, HAM into EGG.
- 4.—How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from EXTRAVAGANT?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 159

- 1.—TESSellate.
- 2.—MAIDSTONE.
- 3.—CLOCK, BLOCK, BLACK, CLACK, CLANK, CLANS, CLAPS, SLAPS, SLATS, SEATS, SEALS, DEALS, DIALS.
- 4.—Mare, Ream, Gear, Rage, Gain, Rein, Rain, Mine, Mire, Rime, Mane, Name, Mean, Ring, Grin, Rang, Rare, Rear, Near, Grim, etc.
Grain, Miner, Again, Marge, Mange, Gam'n, Image, Range, Reign, Grime, etc.

TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

Answer to Quiz in No. 204: Grater.

have ventured upon it again, but Lord Ruf-ton and Rudd said that it was late in the season, and so they would play no more.

How foolish of me, the old broken man, to dwell upon these successes, and yet I will confess that my age has been very much soothed and comforted by the memory of the women who have loved me and the men whom I have overcome.

It is pleasant to think that, five years afterwards, when Lord Ruf-ton came to Paris after the peace, he was able to assure me that my name was still a famous one in the

north of Devonshire for the fine exploits that I had performed. Especially, he said, that they still talked over my boxing match with the Honourable Baldock.

(To be continued)

ODD CORNER

IN 1936, two identical pictures of "Daubigny Garden" turned up in Berlin, both purporting to be by Van Gogh. One was the property of a collector at Basle, and the other belonged to the Berlin National Gallery, which had paid £20,000 for it. Yet one of them was a forgery, and experts were called in to decide. They decided, rather naturally, in favour of the Gallery picture, but German art experts are not infallible.

The Kaiser's own pet expert once bought him a wax bust of Flora, which he declared to be by Leonardo da Vinci, but which was afterwards proved to have been made by an eccentric Southampton artist named Richard Cockles Lucas. But as the Kaiser's museum could not be admitted to contain anything but genuine objects, the label attributing the bust to Leonardo was ordered to remain.

ALLIED PORTS

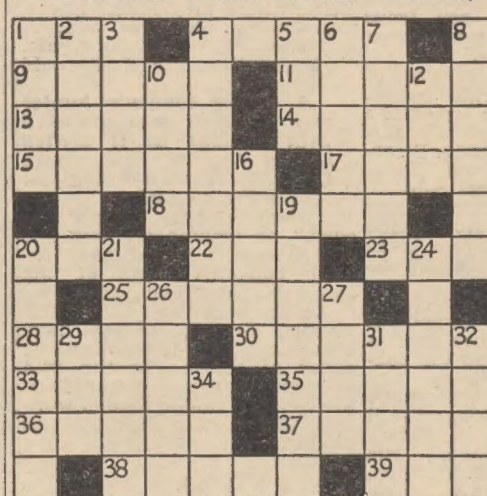
Guess the name of this ALLIED PORT from the following clues to its letters.

- My first is in EATING, not in MESS.
My second's in COASTGUARD, not DUNGENESS.
My third is in HUMBER, not in NAZE.
My fourth is in FORELAND, not in BAYS.
My fifth is in FLAMBOROUGH, not in HEAD.
My sixth is in MATTRESS, not in BED.
My seventh's in POINT, but not in LIZARD.
My eighth is in SHOWER, not in BLIZZARD.

(Answer on Page 3)

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Small mouthful. 4 Ridicule. 9 Blade. 11 Feather.



- 13 Perfect.
14 Absolute.
15 Small person.
17 Minute opening.
18 Blarney.
20 Border.
22 Baronet's title.
23 Animal's enclosure.
25 One of the U.S.A.
28 Remained.
30 Accommodated.
33 Bangs.
35 Gauntlet.
36 G.R.'s name.
37 Wading bird.
38 Set out.
39 Attempt.
Solution to Problem in 204.

FACT ESCAPE
OWLISH HURL
SNORT WARES
T VOUCHSAFE
EVE BOOT E
RINK Y ECRU
N ICED ASP
LECTURERS S
AGATE LITHE
MARE PELLET
BRENDA LENS

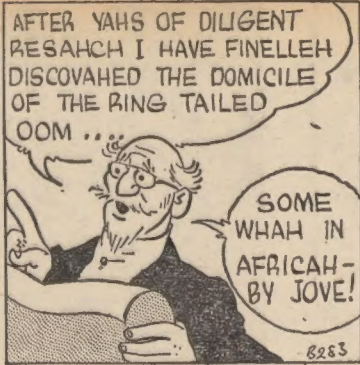
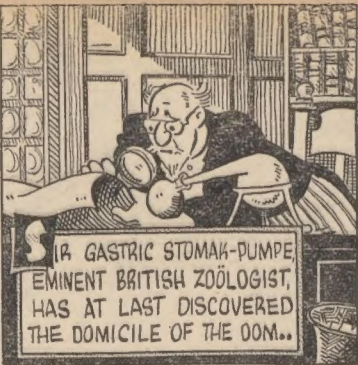
- CLUES DOWN.
1 Read superficially. 2 Write. 3 Parti-coloured.
4 Free. 5 Appropriate. 6 Siant. 7 Teachers.
8 Sa'ad plant. 10 Tires. 12 Spoil. 16 Small shoots. 19 Dryness. 20 Strong rope. 21 Marsh.
24 Boy's name. 26 Slacken. 27 Long river. 29 Odd length. 31 Wrong. 32 Gainsay. 34 Wet expanse.

BEELZEBUB JONES

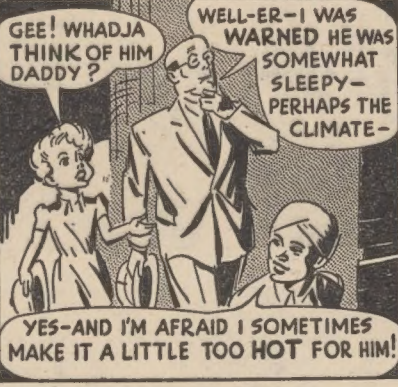


IN THE DARKEST, DANKEST, MURKIEST DEPTHS OF THE DARK CONTINENT, AN ANIMAL, THE RING TAILED OOM, DWELLS

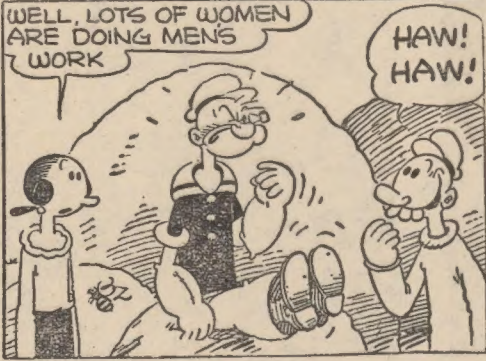
THE OWNER OF AN OOM, MERELY BY GRASPING ITS TAIL, CAN HAVE EVERY WISH GRANTED...



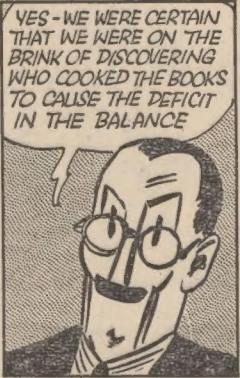
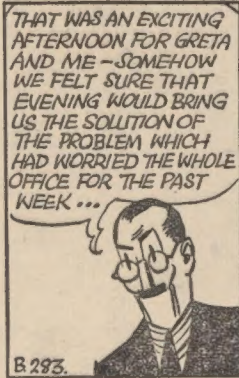
BELINDA



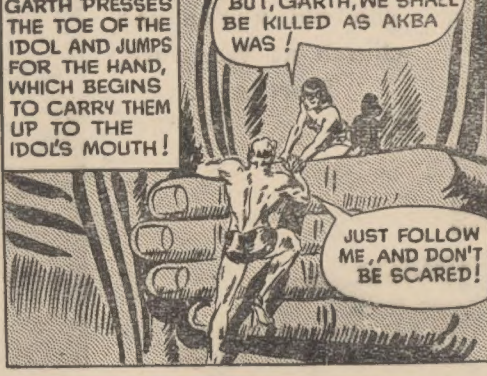
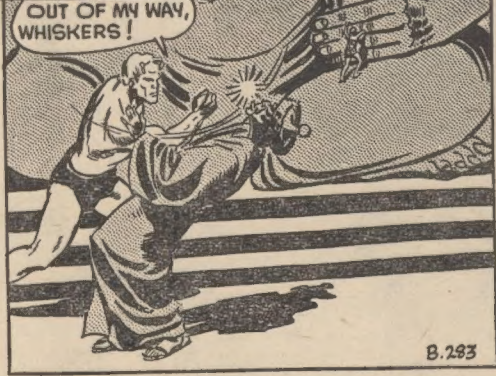
POPEYE



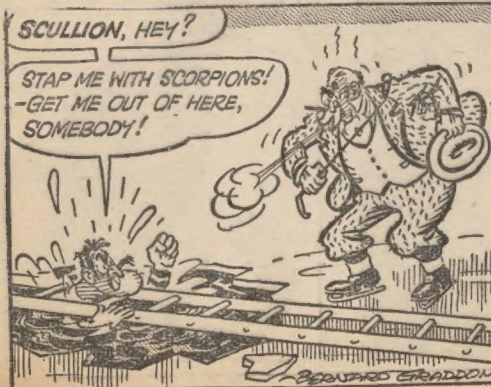
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



ARGUE THIS OUT FOR YOURSELVES

COAL. COAL is important, not only in periods of war; it is vital to the economic life of Britain in times of peace. Without a coal industry of its present magnitude in this country, we should be unable to maintain even half the present population. Britain without coal, and the articles manufactured because we possess it, would deteriorate into a third-rate agricultural country.

Arthur Horner
(Pres., S. Wales Miners' Fedn.).

SECURE, AND LAZY?

SOME people maintain that the abolition of want and insecurity would make us poorer in the end, because it would reduce the incentive to work. They say that insecurity makes people work hard; the feeling of security makes them lazy. Look at the countries which have most social security—countries such as New Zealand, Switzerland, Denmark, Sweden, or, for that matter, Britain: are their people lazier or softer or less efficient than those of, say, Italy, Spain or Hungary, where the fear of poverty is much greater?

Nicholas Kaldor
(Lecturer in Economics).

THIS WAR PROVES—

THE days are at hand when we shall have to take decisions as fateful as any ever taken in the whole history of mankind. Everything that has happened in this war has proved, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the spiritual element in man is the element that controls his destiny. And for the guidance of this element we have laws that are eternal and unalterable, because they are eternally right—the principles of Christianity.

John Coatsman.

GOOD HOMES.

THE great scope for raising the standard of living in Britain to-day lies in the making of good homes for all the people, not for some only. Plenty of good, cheap homes—not cheap and nasty—is far more important than plenty of automobiles, radios and cinemas, however desirable these things are in their respective ways. . . . A revolutionary step forward in the housing of our people is perhaps the most important particular aim we can set before us for the peace.

Sir William Beveridge.

THE NATIONAL DEBT.

THERE is nothing inherently disadvantageous in the so-called National Debt. One method of justifying it, that does not clash with past orthodoxy to any great extent, is to regard it as the capitalisation of the national assets. No business man objects to the continued existence and even enlargement of a company's capital, which is nothing more than a debt to the shareholders, so why should he object to the existence of national capital?

H. G. P. Taylor.

MISAPPLIED DISCOVERIES.

IT has sometimes been urged that we should abandon explosives and explosive research, because man had misapplied the discoveries. This position is untenable. Apart from the difficulty of securing international agreement in such a matter, there is an inherent urge in the human mind "to follow knowledge like a sinking star." It is no more possible to ban scientific research than to forbid exploration, mountaineering, or crossword puzzles. . . . Key chemicals used in making explosives are also key chemicals in numerous industries, including agriculture.

John Read, F.R.S.

LONDON TRAFFIC.

NOTHING short of a drastic surgical operation will solve the London traffic problem. Since the invention of the motor-car a complete revolution has taken place in surface traffic, and no serious effort has been made to deal with it. If the authorities are not willing to face a drastic surgical operation we shall go on in the same muddle and chaos as before. . . . From the engineering construction point of view it is not a large problem.

Sir Giles Scott, R.A.

THE LITTLE THINGS.

EVERYBODY has been telling us lately about what sort of a world we are going to have when the war is over . . . they only tell us about the big benefits we are going to have—no more wars, democracy safe for evermore, and so on. But big things need little things to go with them. Fish and chips need vinegar and salt; and trousers are no good without buttons. For the ordinary man-in-the-street the little things can be quite as important as the big things.

Anthony Gordon.

Solution to Numerical Puzzle
From 1 to 13, and from 14 to 28. The middle Nos. (7 and 21) total 28.

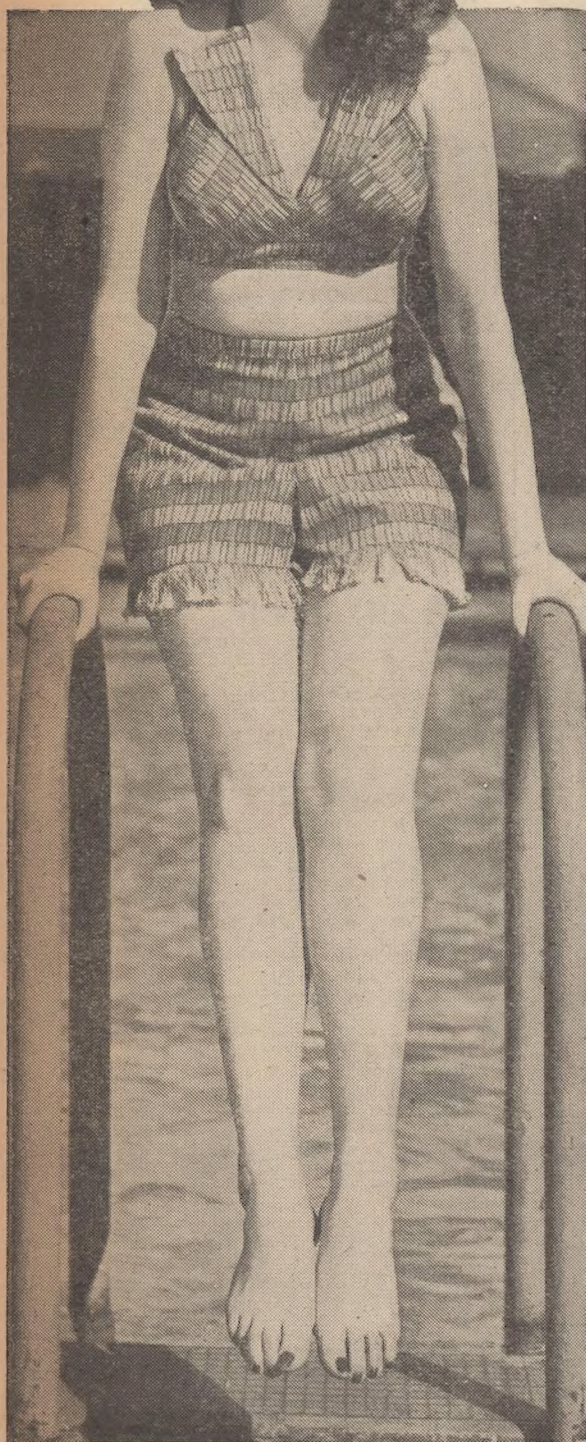
Solution to Allied Ports.
ARBROATH.

Good Morning

All communications to be addressed to: "Good Morning,"
C/o Press Division,
Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

HOT SWING

★ Even though Ann Miller, C.P. Corp. star, IS at the cool swim-pool. ★



BOYS—WHAT BORZOIS!

Canine aristocrats exercising on the wind-swept foreshore at Formby, Lancashire.



This England

The old bridge and church at Wansford, Northants.



IF it comes to an argument,
I can sure make my points
good and hard.



THE "TEACHER" TAUGHT

SHIP'S CAT SIGNS OFF

"A pane-full lesson, huh?"

